The Bug-a-Boo,

To which is added,

The TERRIBLE PRIVATEER,

LARRY's STIFF,

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The BUG-A-BOO.

'TWAS when I was a batchelor,
I was a roving blade,
But yet my chief delight it was,
In courting one fair maid,
I courted her on winter nights,
And ſummer days alſo,
But ſtill her anſwer was to me,
O no, O no, Sir, no,
I being greved at the ſame,
Then bid my love adieu;
But did perceive ſhe was inclin'd,
That I ſhould ſtill purſue:
Farewell, I cry'd, my deareſt dear,
No longer will I ſtay.
But ſoon as Morning light appears,
I ſhall go hence away.
My love came to my chamber door,
As I lay faſt aſleep,
And there my love did mourn, ſir,
And there my love did weep,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying, what ſhall I do?
Then into bed to me ſhe came,
For fear of the Bug-a-Boo.
The firſt part of that happy night,
We did both ſport and play,
And then my love lay in my arms,
Until that it was day,

But when day-light it did appear,
She cries I am undone,
I ſaid, my love be not afraid,
For the Bug-a-Boo is gone.
The very next day I married her,
She proves a virtuous wife;
I nouriſh her, I cheriſh her,
I love her as my life,
I ne'er upbraid her with the ſame,
Nor e'er intend to do;
But when ſhe looks and ſmiles on me,
I think on the Bug-a-Boo.

The TERRIBLE PRIVATEER.

YE Britons all of courage bold,
Liſten a while, and I'll unfold,
How we behaved you ſoon ſhall hear,
On board the Terrible Privateer.
Death, was our commander's name,
From London with good heart we came,
We put to Sea with pleaſant gale,
Over our enemies to prevail.
We touch'd at Plymouth to get Men,
Then to Sea boys, we put again,
There our Fortunes for to try,
When we a French ſhip chanc'd to ſpy.
A Letter of Marque ſhe prov'd to be,
And fought with us moſt gallantly,
We, like bold Britons, did them maul,
Till down their French rags they did haul

The great Alexander was her name,
And ſhe from St. Domingo came,
Had we but liv'd for to bring her in,
A noble Prize to us ſhe had been.
We took her, as you underſtand,
And on board of her put ſixteen hands,
And for Plymouth we did ſteer,
When we met another bold Privateer.
Mann'd and fitted out of France,
And by them call'd Le Vengeance,
Crouded ſails, unto us they bore,
And thund'ring cannons loud did roar.
When many gallant Britons fell,
On board our ſhip, the Terrible,
We boldly gave them gun for gun,
Till blood out of our Scuttles did run.
When up long-ſide us they did rage,
Our ſhots ſo ſmartly we did exchange,
But faſt our Anchor in their fore-chains got,
Or e ſe long ſide they would not.
Fain wou'd they have gone away,
But our beſt Bow cauſ'd them to ſtay,
This is the reaſon that we are took,
For too long held our Anchor fluke.
Our third Lieutenant and twelve men,
Beſides three Boys, made the whole ſixteen
Was all were left, I do declare,
Before the French did board us there.
Sure Decks like ours were ne'er ſpread,
With Legs and Arms and Bodies dead;
Which died much ento our grief,
And our wounded cou'd get no relief.

But forc'd to lie all in their gore,
Until the battle it was o'er;
They took us and our prize that day,
And to St. Maloes they bore away.
When on board Vengeance came,
They as captives to remain,
Until our ſhip could be got in,
Our ſorrows did a-freſh begin.
Into the Hold they put us below,
Both ſick and well, and wounded too,
Were all oblig'd for to lie there,
Till ſeven and twenty ſmother'd were.
For want of air to give them breath,
Which was the occaſion of their death;
This was the uſage we did receive,
From them, as you may us believe.
When we to St. Maloes got,
In the Town jail it was our lot,
On the cold ſtones and ſtraw to lie,
All the while we there did ſtay.
Altho' our valiant Captain Death,
To our great loſs, reſign'd his breath;
The Vengeance was his overthrow,
Yet with vengeance we'll revenge our blow
In this brave reſolution we,
Are fulll reſolv'd to let them ſee,
That from Monſieur we ne'er will run,
Kill or be kill'd; God's will muſt be done.
Now to conclude and make an end.
No truer lines were ever penn'd;
And ſince, thank God, we have got free,
The Terrible's cauſe revenged ſhall be.

LARRY's STIFF.

AS ſoon as poor Larry was ſtretch'd,
De boys de ſoon cut him down
prope:
We did every ting dat we cud,
In hopes to cheat Jack the breth-ſtopper
But all we cud do it was fudge,
For Jacky is ſeldom miſtaken;
He fits de nooſe up to de lug,
And den lets you hang like bacon:
And dere you may hang 'till you're ſtiff.
Poor Larry was now a gone chuck,
De bloody teeves taut for get him,
To bring to de Colledge to cut;
Be de hoky, our boys wou'dn't let 'em;
Ou our ſhoulders we hois'd him along,
And wou'dn't let one of dem neer us;
Our kebbles we daſh'd thro' de throng,
And med all de ſlim ones to feer us;
For in no time we'd flatter dir ſmelle.
When we got to de end of de lane,
De girls de all gother round us;
Dey began for to cry and to keen,
Wid dir damnable clack to confound us,
But ſoon dey began to be huſh'd,
At de Pole-lice was coming among us;
Dey taught for to kick up a duſt,
And to take poor Larry from us;
But one got a chalk on de phiz, anoder a
hook'em ſnivy on de back, and den dey
ſet to dir pumps, as if dey were purſued

by de goſt of de brave Tomy Fox, formerly de Long-lane hero, your ſouls!
We den brought him into de houſe,
And ev'ry one look'd at poor Larry;
Sam Slang gave poor Paddy a douce,
Becaſe why, he did not look ſorry;
Says Paddy, "you lye like a teeff,
"I'm ſorry as well as anoder,
"But do I can ſtifle me greef,
"I lov'd him juſt like me own broder;
"Becaſe if he handn't a make, his
"neck-cloth he'd pop for a facer."
We den bet de hoof until night,
To kick up de cole for to wake him;
We left Paddy Foy dere to fight,
If de black boys ſhould offer to take him.
But when we all came back again,
Its den we'd ſuch fun and ſuch faddle;
If any of de people looked glum,
We flattened dir y-ear with our daddle,
To keep up de fun at de ruff.
Den de gruel began to go round,
De girls began to grow groggy:
Curly Bill got fat Peg on de ground,
(You know dat fat Peg's deviliſh foggy)
She taut he would ſqeeze her to deth,
So darted her fangs in his trottle;
She had like for to ſtop poor Bill's breth,
And ſo w'd a hell of a battle,
For at doucing fat Peg is de ſort.
In no time we all med a ring,
And both of dem took of dir fleſh-bags
To tare dem would not be de ting,

For bad luck to de one poor Bill had;
Den so handsome de douc'd it away,
'Till Bill got a blow in de gullet;
Den de heffers beban to huzzad
Dat de battle was won by de pullet;
So dey kis'd den for dey had no spight.
De Pele-lice den hearing de noise,
Came in to see what was de matter,
De got all de girls and boys,
With dir faces all bloody and battered;
Dey swore dat with der we must go,
For we were disturbing de neighbours;
So de march'd us away two and two,
In de watch-house to finish our vaper's;
So ended our fun at de stiff.

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